

nice
that you trust
not knowing what,
but
sad
that you have to.

Unshaven, the
manliness
reeks, as he asks
to refill your coffee.

-- Sherry Hutchinson

Don Peyote

-- after a drawing by James McCracken

meat & flesh melted off, drained
of all but

PURE ESSENCE

(that broken sword
still pointing, ahead, at some
lovely vision long since
disappeared) & his horse

what/s left looking
like some weird masto-
don, twisted under
him

in the rocky dawn where
the vision was, out on
a crumbling ledge, the whole
countryside gone berserk,
sprouting hair & teeth &
mad rocks

the dope/mad horseman
rusted in the dying light
of what he saw, afraid (or
knows better) of where he came
from, won/t go

back, still, hand pointing

out

at the sun

-- John Sinclair

Detroit, Michigan